

The Evening World

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THE PUPPET OF THE DUMMIES.

Vice-President Hyde scorns the request of the general agents of the Equitable to step down and out "for the good of the Society."

The action of the agents did not go far enough. Young Hyde is not big enough to serve as a scapegoat to carry into the wilderness of oblivion the sins of the Equitable management. He is merely the puppet of the dummy directors whom he made. They pull the strings, he dances, and the policy-holders pay the cost.

These active dummies have been guilty of every violation of law and of good faith with which Mr. Hyde has been charged or has confessed. They have shared in the illegal profits. It is not a scapegoat but a housecleaning that is needed. The Equitable will never regain the confidence of the public until there has been Renovation, Reform and Resurrection from top to bottom.

The general agents can best serve their own interest and that of the Society by asking for a thorough investigation by the Legislature, and calling for the expulsion and punishment of all officers who have broken the law and made Greed rather than Justice their rule of action.

The Subway cars should be better lighted, Mr. Belmont.

THE HOME-COMING OF PAUL JONES.

One hundred and thirteen years ago John Paul Jones, the first of our great sea fighters, died in Paris. His remains have just been recovered through the efforts of Ambassador Horace Porter. They will be brought to this his adopted country for final burial.

What place is so appropriate as New York? It was from this city that Jones sailed on his last voyage. It was here, in 1787, that he received the gold medal voted to him by Congress for his gallant services in the war for independence. It was near to this city as it then was that he asked a friend to secure for him an estate on which, as he wrote, "I could establish myself and offer my hand to some fair daughter of Liberty." For, he said with prophetic foresight, "New York will be one of our first naval ports."

There could be no fitter resting place for the body of the brave commander than in the churchyard of old Trinity, where Admirals Lawrence and Stewart were buried—or, if preferred, on a headland of the Hudson, near the tomb of Grant. As our American Poet Laureate, Edmund Clarence Stedman, wrote of Admiral Stewart, so let it be said of Paul Jones:

Lay him in the ground:
Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.
Lay him gently down:
The clamor of the town
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful ripe sleep
Of this lion of the wave,
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Gov. Higgins shows the daring of his determination in signing the Stock-Transfer Tax bill.

DEGREES OF TURPITUDE.

The Mortgage Tax bill, which Gov. Higgins is to have more time to consider and perhaps to perfect, is denounced by a morning paper as "nefarious."

If this bill becomes a law mortgages in New York will be subject to a tax of one-half of 1 per cent. instead of 1½ per cent., as now. Is not the present law, therefore, just three times as "nefarious" as the proposed new one?

Is it not admission of a weak case to persist in the "lie of suppression" as to the taxation of mortgages?

There is a whole cataract of power in Publicity. It has killed the Niagara Grab Boodle bill.

REGULATED AND RESTRICTED TRAFFIC.

There is no large city in the civilized world where street traffic is not regulated and restricted in the interest of public safety and to facilitate pleasure driving.

New York has less of this needful regulation than any other great city. Chicago has miles of boulevards and other parkways restricted to light driving; Boston, Philadelphia and Washington the same.

Yet when it is proposed to give the police power to relieve the congested and dangerous jam-jam of travel and traffic on Fifth avenue a demagogic and blatherskite sheet raises the cry that the rich are trying to deprive the poor truck-drivers of their liberty!

Of their "liberty" to loaf along an avenue when they have no business there, hindering traffic and endangering lives and other vehicles—yes! There is no doctrine more thoroughly democratic than "the greatest good of the greatest number." And any needless crowding of a great thoroughfare used mainly for pleasure driving and walking by "all sorts and conditions of men" should be forbidden in the interest of the hundred times greater number.

Andrew Carnegie has the full courage of his "Triumphant Democracy."

A POINT WORTH SAVING.

Blockhouse Point, on the Hudson, is menaced by the trap-rock blast. It is in New Jersey, exactly opposite Seventy-second street, Manhattan.

Dwellers in the Riverside Park vicinity are threatened with a three years' continuation of the jarring bombardment by blasts which they have already endured for several years.

The Point should be saved for history's sake and New Jersey's own. In deciding to save it the Board of Chosen Freeholders would confer a great favor on appreciative folk this side of the river and on the large number of tourists who view yearly the "beauties of the Hudson."

Denial of the petition of the trap-rock company as it is now before the board would serve far wider and higher interests than those in any way represented by the corporation.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

The Gallipoli Gas Meter.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The picture in to-day's World by T. M. Powers in regard to the air pressure of the Gas Trust is no joke. My bills have been steadily increasing each month and I burn less gas, while I can't go to any one interested. It would be no good to report to the company. The only thing to do is for the people to keep at them. Show them up.
ASTORIA, ORE.
M. WATERS.

While the "Philosophy" Holds Out.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
"The Little Philosophies of Life" in your Saturday evening edition have given me much pleasure. They have undoubtedly pleased a great many of the numerous readers of your paper, I therefore take the liberty to express the wish that you will continue this series indefinitely.
M. WATERS.

Said on the Side.

WOMAN becomes a fire heroine and runs apartment-house elevator through smoke and danger. Woman acts as her own policeman, arrests man and marches him to the station-house. Ten-year-old girl serves as interpreter for a foreigner taking out naturalization papers. Others of the sex urging municipal ownership in the Bronx and others again active in the proceedings of the meeting of Equitable general agents. Almost no line of human endeavor in which they fail to give a good account of themselves. Fact that fully a dozen of the Equitable general agents present at the Savoy were women adds further testimony to that already abundantly forthcoming of the development in the "weaker" sex of business aptitude and capacity of the highest order.

"Broadway crowd sees pool-room raid." Spectacle must by this time be included in all "seeing New York" trip schedules.

Know now "Why Smith Left Home." Advised to do so by his lawyer.

Said by Prof. Seaver that "the average city boy needs a blacksmithing course more than he needs Latin," and that lessons in Venetian iron work would benefit girl pupils. Board of Education should call the professor for consultation on next season's "school fed and frit" programme.

Mr. Slopook—There are 800 ways in the English language to express being in love.

Miss Ada—And you've forgotten every one of them, haven't you?—Cleveland Leader.

Serious disagreement of authorities on the important question whether to "toe out" or to "toe in." Military rule requires the recruit to toe out, but, according to a speaker at the Physical Education Convention, the military practice is wrong, has done harm and "if the race is to survive it must keep its feet straight" and abandon the toeing-out posture. Man of science said some time ago that the unconscious habit of keeping the thumb out was a sign of nervous force, while that of keeping it doubled up under the fingers indicated weakness. More in the science of thumbs and toes, apparently, than the world has dreamed of.

"Better a poor and honest man than a worthless duke," says Andrew Carnegie of his new nephew by marriage. "We want no rich men in the Carnegie family." Would merely aggravate his own efforts to do poor.

Yale boy who danced a jig before a physical education audience reported to have been "more embarrassed than any of the women dancers." More familiar with the other side of the footlights.

"You shut up; you keep out of the case," in the court-room language attributed to a Magistrate sitting in the Tombs. Might be well to make Commissioner McAdoo a magistrate, as suggested, with the idea that he would elevate the standard of courtesy on the bench. Qualified for the place on that score as the creator of the Chesterfield bicycle corps and this consistent advocate of police police department.

"Did her papa wire his blessings when they eloped?"

"No, he didn't indulge in any useless sentiment. He wired them a money order."—Brooklyn Life.

Proprietor of one of the newer hotels boasts that he is running it on the "new theory" that a hotel can exist "without having the same customer twice." He "wants no kids," and "persons who do not like it need never come back." Some doubt about the theory being "new." Commonly believed to have become the established principle on which many New York enterprises besides hotels are now conducted.

Correspondent protests against the proposed production here of the Bernard Shaw play "Mrs. Warren's Profession" because it is "nauseating." The epithet fits the play as do others of the kind Peter Eaton, of Cleveland, says it is impolite for a clergyman to use. Remains to be seen, however, whether protests against a play which was too shady for London will do more than serve as advance advertising notices of its presentation in Manhattan.

Not necessary to approve of cigarettes to regard the infliction of a fine of \$30 for having cigarette papers in one's possession as the limit of sumptuary law senselessness. Ralnes law laurels, whether in the light of the Indiana legislative performance.

Boys who put on dress suits to begin their automobile race to Chicago are prepared to appear in proper attire at breakfast time.

Story from Colorado of a man who, holding a gold watch in one hand and a sandwich in the other, absent-mindedly gave a beggar the watch instead of the sandwich. Incident should interest the Society for the Promotion of Ambidexterity, which advocates training the left hand to an equal state of facility with the right.

The bluebird sits upon a tree rejoicing greatly that he doesn't have to help, b'gee, adorn some lady's hair!
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Look for Secretary Loeb to give the public the official story of the Colorado bear hunt to serve as a companion volume for existing personally approved works of Presidential biography by Mr. T. S. Arthur, Governor. Secretary's rough notes of the trip furnished the Associated Press indicate the possession of the requisite capacity and sympathetic touch.

Echo of the Mosely Commissioner's remarks in the statement of Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, of Columbia, that "the American boy and man are becoming more civilized, or effeminized, by the acquisition of traits of character specially known in connection with women." Columbia is located outside the rush-hour zone, but the professor should not have overlooked the facilities for observation afforded by the football field and Riverside bathing area.

The Blockaders.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The Feminine Brain Trust.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE idea of the inferiority of the feminine brain is so old that one may search vainly in the dim mists of antiquity for its origin. Gynecology will say it is founded on fact, and it may be, indeed, that it is. But there is one sure thing about it, and that is that it was not started by a man.

Some woman with just the slightest real or fancied superiority to her next-door neighbor started the great feminine brain trust; that is, the perhaps unconscious association of women with just a grain more sense than is necessary to keep them out of an idiot asylum, to disseminate the idea that the sex generally is weak and foolish and thereby exalt themselves the more.

Marvelous, indeed, is the conceit of man. But the lord of creation is lowly as an April crocus compared to the clever woman of the self-made variety, who arrogates all the brains in creation to herself or the few other women who have forced themselves into the trust.

To be sure she admits the inferiority of her sex reluctantly. Questioned upon it, she smiles slowly, sadly, as she might over the shortcomings of some beloved baby brother or sister, and lets you see how much it pains her to have to acknowledge it.

If you point out the multiple successes of women other than herself to her, she answers with a patronizing reference to your optimism and an assurance that all feminine knowledge is mere parrotlike repetition of man's.

And, of course, in a sense it may be. Men have written great books, painted great pictures. But this fact should be no more discouraging to women who seek to do likewise than the equally patent one that men have eaten breakfast and luncheon and dinner for a considerable period, and they might as well refrain from eating for that reason.

It is astonishing how many women without even the excuse of cleverness rail about the inferiority of their own sex. But, of course, the personal reason behind their railing is obvious. For the lower they place the rest of womankind, the higher they exalt themselves.

Startling Diagnosis.



Willie—What's yer afraid of him fer?
Angelina—She says he's got bees in his bonnet.

Gosh blame strange remarked the chink,
See all color egg to-day.
Maybe egg-bird hab, I tink,
Paint for him dinner
Fore he lay.

A Big Investment.



"And what are you going to do with the cent I gave you?"
"I was just goin' to ask yer wedder I'd better invest in Copper preferred or blow it in foolishly on a automobile."

A FAREWELL.

So now you leave me, turn away your face,
From my threshold evermore depart!
Lightfooted love I will not pray you stay,
Like one forlorn of heart!

Because I am bereft of your sweet eyes,
You think that I shall yield me to despair?
Here Duty waits me, smiling as you smiled,
Believe me, and as fair!

I played with you—that's all—a summer's day,
Was happy and am happy as you go.
You think there are no other charms than yours
To set one's heart aglow?

A smile—a dream—you lightly go your way,
I mine, to other fortunes that shall be,
To playmate, fare you well, Come Duty—Love
Turn once and look on me!
—Smart Set.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. . . .

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WELL, I have been to the Hippodrome, Mr. Nagg, and I was never more disappointed in my life. I know the Hippodrome people did it on purpose, but all the time I was there they simply tried to confuse me. I would no sooner be Roy L. McCardell, looking at the people who were doing acrobatic feats than a man would start to perform on a wire, and there was so much going on that in trying to see it all I simply made my poor eyes ache."

Susan Terwilliger was with me and she kept gabbling all the time. I could not get a word in edgewise. All she thinks of to talk about is herself, and her people and what a wretch her husband is to only send her a hundred dollars a week when she doesn't know what he is making millions in the real estate business in Denver.

And then she was telling me of how she suffered from brain fog. In the first place she has no brains, and in the second place she is too lazy to do anything. I was trying to tell her of how I suffered from insomnia and was so nervous that every time the bell rang I would send Della to the door to say I was not in, because I know a lot of enemies of Brother Willie are trying to annoy him.

"I do not believe I have had a good night's sleep in weeks. And although I lay down for a nap most every day, I scarcely close my eyes. Dr. Smerk says

he doesn't see how I keep up. He says I am wonderful when one considers all I go through with and all the work I have to do and how cheerfully I keep up."

But Susan Terwilliger is selfish and egotistical. All she thinks of is herself, and she talks and talks about how she suffers and how she can't sleep and how she keeps up under worries that would kill a dozen other women, and she expects me to sit and listen and sympathize with her.

"I won't do it. I need some sympathy myself. I do not get any from my husband. You know you do not sympathize with me, Mr. Nagg!"

"When I come home tired and worn out from shopping or going to affairs at the Waldorf or attending to my Woman's Club affairs and start to tell you how I suffer, and that I must go away somewhere for a rest, all you do is to tell me I must not tire myself out, and that I can go away to Lakewood if I want to."

"I wouldn't be foolish to go away and let you have your fling? Well, I guess not. If you go anywhere I am going with you!"

And because I have such a friend who tells me how you men are, you say she is a trouble-maker. You don't say it, you say? Well, you think it, Mr. Nagg! You know you do, and I think you are as mean as you can be to try to shut me against the only friends I have!"

THE KIND TO OWN.
I'm such a disreputable old umbrella. My owner would like to conceal me. But I have a virtue my betters have not. Nobody will borrow or steal me.
—Detroit Free Press.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

We notice that 51,784,963 Easter Eggs have arrived in town. We bless the Industrious HENS and we refuse to draw the line between WHITE and COLORED eggs.

We mean eggactly what we say when we EXALT the Hen. She is better than purple and fine linen. She is richer than gold. The mines of Golconda HAVE NOT her value.

Withal then, the hen is MODEST. She clucks and cackles. The cackle is a sign of PRIDE, but she is NOT puffed up, even if she vaunteth herself.

Now and then people out West find SPECKS OF GOLD in the Hen's crop and much fuss is made of it. Yet it would probably PAY BETTER to let the hen keep on LAYING.

The Hen of late has attracted the attention of the Beef Trust and we have had CORNERS IN EGGS, though the eggs themselves have NO corners. Eggs are oval and can never be TOO FRESH!